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(THE KEY TO ALL)

AFTER EPICHARMUS

(Sand)
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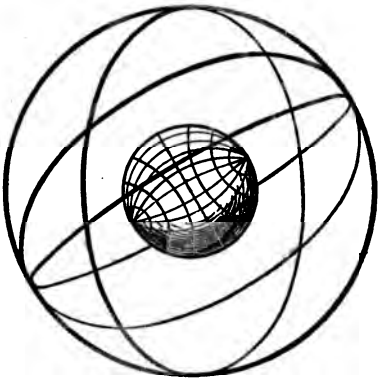
SAND KEY.



Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.
To such my errand is.

JOHN MILTON.

SAND KEY.

(THE KEY TO ALL).

A FULL AND SUCCINCT DESCRIPTION

BY AN ANCIENT WARDER OF IT WHO DURING HIS INCUMBENCY WAS A SOLITARY RESIDENT.

AFTER EPICHARMUS,

WHO SOUGHT TO ELEVATE A POPULAR MODE OF REPRESENTATION INTO THE MANDATORY RESPECT OF EVERYBODY.

LONDON:
PRINTED AT THE CHISWICK PRESS,
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.
1890.

ON these tablets said the apparition [pointing to the white speck of Sand Key as the last term of a series reaching from the beginning] is written all the knowledge of the antediluvian race, the decrees of the stars from the beginning of time, the annals of a still earlier world, and all the marvellous secrets both of heaven and earth which would have been

'but for this Key
Lost in the Universal Sea.'

MOORE'S *Epicurean*, Chap. x.

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I.

THE FIGURE OF TRUE REPRESENTATION.

SAND KEY.

SCENE. The back ground is an unbroken sea horizon from the extreme of side to side. In the middle of this joint line a stationary white dot, seen in daytime, by direct reflection of the sun only, discloses the lonely and querulous position of Sand Key, in the Atlantic ocean off the acute elbow made by the Florida reef in turning about to enter the gulf of Mexico. It is the funny bone of that elbow, fearfully ticklish; and is the geographical point in which the great republic makes its nearest approach to the south pole of the earth.

Front. The Ancient Warder, who traced his name and origin to a Saxon manor at an epoch prior to that of the Conqueror, and therefore witnessed in his hereditary experience the rise of the English communities the world over, and who led in his person a life as adventurous for an individual as their histories are for a people, having been deflected from one extraordinary event to another continuously for nearly a century; here finds himself in a fauteuil of pillows on the deck of a smack, contemplating the emergence

of Sand Key into view as of an entity attaining a superiority to the unknowable; and, ruminating on his once fragile abode he addresses to it a cogitation secretly deprecating a replica of the Noachian deluge for race correction and openly entertaining a glimpse of a possible substitute.—The apology for incompleteness upon its plan, perhaps imperfection in transcribing, is that the notes were made before stenography became the vogue. His amanuensis has endeavoured to reproduce them without extension or extenuation and so that every word of the following pages note and text is to be ascribed to the Ancient Warder himself—who obviously aims to be neither tediously fast nor hideously fastidious, but to give a simple and clear effigy of his mind; a statue of its experience that shall suggest rather than impress—he feeling ashamed to leave the world without doing so.

THE FIGURE OF TRUE REPRESENTATION.

INTRODUCTION.

ALL-HOLDING Sesame, waste-fully divulgent:
All-beaming goal key, spark fangled, Me-
bulgent:
Showling, Me-beconned, crank of windy
ocean,
Outside disposed, whereby the whole whirled
see thee—
Over the broadest, smoothest, floor devotion
Can see thee—seethe to splay all ways con-
notion
Of Man who'd see keying sway! Manhood's
sand's peaky

Key, keeping up ekeing susurus to be the
Real attitude of sea sons that no go shun
Nor insight blind or blink to blank alee:
Insight's Nightsailing key, dark's prodigy
O' Man surpassing date mean time pivotion:—
From far, up-heres thy peri style, no-table,
Up in high rounding omosphere's [1] raymow
Of loose earth peel—pellucid dome unstable,
Non-antiquating crystal o'er the Now.
No mental eyes of erst e'er had'st thou shone;
Thy entailed gnomon had not splayed as prone;
Not, at all, fact borne ideas sprayed as grown,

[1] Homo is the corruption of omo, wherein the o's represent the eyes and m the rest of the face. Hence the human face is an M, as Dante saw it.—BREWER'S *Dic.*

> Who reads the name
> For man upon his visage, there the m
> Has traced most plainly.—*Purg.* xxiii. 1308.

Me represents the individual characteristic of society.

Nor Man as halo'd tower of nature known !
Thy fearful lift's bed rock stepped arbor
type—
Sight bearing wake's upholding spinelike
gripe,
In the last inhauling hall o' the endstead,
down
Where glues the gloomy swipe of night's tar
frown
And stays the rathe of day's eclipse, where
lone
The moon gropes round in purblind mono-
tone,
For there her tender stars are dark as stone—
Now from that indrawn earth's sky-gauging
billows
Sees out about, through art tied back, thy
cone,
Whose spread of insight beam far round out-
thrown

With wake each slippery rising peak doth
crown,
Pale as the pallors tip my pile o' pillows.

Nature and Art, like Man, this scene
presents ;
The action and reaction of the whole.
Materially united by a key
Nature they wholly are and form one whole.
Nature, of all the forces, that is facts,
Producing evolution is composed
And in resultants manifests itself.
And Art, the offspring broadly of design
Which is not until consciousness appears,
Uses resultants to construct effects.
When these effects are toward, coincide
And collimate substantially in aim
With ultimate Now of nature, they rejoin
To it and waste then does not intervene ;
Constructed of resultant fact, they're art

Or facts of nature towered in consciousness
Producing a coincident effect.
When not rejoined fact, a waste, a vague
Fantastic heart, they are, of flough upstart;
For nought of gennine persistence having
The moral ens is sprued to incense mere.
Devoid of its decisive character,
Divorced from it in touch and scent, the
point
Of moral evolution vanishes
Mid charm of self deceit and vainest swell;
As when a dinner fowl cranky to soar
Ignoring that its head forlorns the floor
Flusters and flares through rapid ecstacy.
Fantastic heart upset society
When wolf bred Rome, displacing Grecian
delf,
Set up old Egypt's worn out sorcery;
With splendid pity, like a barrister's
Out of the natural key of character.

Such disconnected poultry and such wolf
Not in accord with nature are not art
Possessing any fore of evolution
Or figure of a normal derivation;
The fore and figure truth can't be without,
Materially upgrown out of all things—
Not side-derived from wind and thunder,
Nor from the mystery of ignorance.

Song. By the Figure of True Representation.

THE REVEILLEE.

O PARTITIVE morning laugh! Thy twin
flamivimous piaff
Spoom out of this double room of grey
To let thy smooth upper arch's half
Boom broadest art mid an archic play!

O glomerous midnight laugh, by secant
severant scarf

Bisect, in a streak of barbed smile,
Wherein dark clutches the resultant gaff
Of mancraft wake over limpid wile!

O will a new time e'er laugh? insight's exclusion of daff
Scream out of the upright vertæbræ?
Th' elan turn wake of the ages chaff
All seas on, kin of the sunken key?

SITUATION.

A MAN ytwinkling feat depth reared!
Though flim-
sy snail paste rick, deft mountebank of the
brim
To rise, not sink, a stubborn fact and be
Outs' peeking, spoke-end-dial, log at sea![1]
Good by thy sole M gush and whist expression
And, every way, thy truthful representation
To eerie wistful doubts in out progression
What time straight inklings of thy halo's
ghost
Su "Sho!" to mistled maunderer's "Holo
. . . . caust!"

[1] Man was God's first dialogue in nature.—*Spinoza.*

Though, pack a field, thy structure's truck
afoul
Whose topmost ruck scores but the outward
skim,
Lithe worldly winds and waves wild madly
free
In tipsical riotous high logomachy
Swerving with real passion's ecstacy
Spring snap at grapple and shake, low sunder-
ing growl
And lurching sprawl to sweal their swiveling
whim—
Holding that topset truck in tosspot ways
To catch the fervid clash of frontal gaze—
The seamless torrent beating down from him
Dealing dispersion through the round of day;
Refraction racking-it like a boisteréd limb.
Momentous fact they keep thee not away!
Ah, nature, onely, by its pyrogeny
Ground swell of sun flood orb cloud air and sky

Bustling on truth's stupendous endstead tie,—
Subtler than extra natural puff of gall
And lackering, pet-rified from putrid bawl,—
Blate slack avidious space's eagre grim
Of afferent transport shrinking evenly
Round mental pale's thin thunderbolted glim
Till consciousness and conquest's pale shine
one !
And wakeless cayos glamour despairful neigh!
There thy skeined particles cornered, scorn
they run
While through vivid chances slim
Streams virid, stilly, dutylit, hope, slow, dim ;
Self-rendering bare to cataclysm of sea !
On thy submerged tarpeian pitch do they
Pending a vaunt avert avatar gem
A supra altar service pay
Tarrying waitingly the stay
Of vehement, petard, dispart, M E—V—ART
vim—

Mal lockt art Aryan hymn
Of Tarshish bull work limn—
Blind dead in ataraxy of an al-
tar tarnished ruth bull-bossed in Adam's fall!
—Their starry start begun
Their tardy cycle spun
Rotary where might ravellings fray
Tarn-tethered soar or swim.
  Or sheeny as in scimetar's surface fay they
Iridescent, where the main must forge its rim
About earth's culm of thought
When spleen import is thwart;
High lawny feathering bank wet onset gaily
Outsimmering black belching abimes
In gleaning clean sea-weanling ears: Aheigh!
Mutation stray derail your way to-day
Say rumbling mumbling humbling, stumbling
        sierra-phim!
    Whate'er their situation, though they be
Distinctive as is possible to see,

Nature's resultants universal are.
Exclusively individual are arts
And dissolute flotson, till by happiness
Of saved fruition they shall coincide
In Now; all lapsing to vacuity
By mistled disinheriting of the spark
Bound to aspire to rise above the waste;
Aspire on radii from the end of earth
To eke and culminate as sequent fact,
Out on the glebe and welkin of life brought;—
Not idly daffed from anchorage adrift
And stilted to that darkness visible
Which stiffly stolid girds the atomsphere
Nor merged in sensuous simmian ancestry
By a fantastic maybe brilliant mind
Whose character a fiction has been bred.

STRUCTURE.

SHALE fragment floodtide-shewn
To float on its lagoon,
Uplift thereby outside,
There, by it, to abide,
A waferlike waif o' sand
Wayfaring far from land;
As sleight of little thing
As, fixed in obvious Now,
By thread of real string
Could join creation's brow,
All nature's utmost pride—
Like a young and brilliant bride!
  Re-spired and art allied
With wake, extended wide—
That spoondrift brightening lea

Of the environy
Like thought, like light, like mirth,
By lien of nature fed
With less than spiders thread
From center of the earth,
Which nature leaneth on—
Thou art the paragon
Of art fact joined by man
To nature at that's van,
And leaning by that's trend
To where that leans, that's end
In the orb where Man must mend.
Earth's pattern in good sooth
Of key to every truth
Developed by the flow
Of her all-globing throe.

Fares so that face of moon's
Sham features, on the bare
Of airy deep's shelf, there,

Between wide tidal noons?
That insulated sprue
Fashing the floods of blue
To flash its filmy plan
Facetiously of Man?
Delsart-struck epiploon's
Wry omograph of runes
Whence miles of smiles ensue
Disdaining without pain
Man's destiny—so plain
It ruin must or reign;
Gliding with frenzied mirth,
Prone settled for the run
Feet hid away from earth
By features—eyes and mouth
Afflicted with a drouth;
Greed pitching at the sun
Determined to be blest
There by the sun's behest
And not by any merit

That progeny inherit?
Features that roughly huen,
Denuded every moon,
To Manichees of worth
Show man-sham's how of birth
Inconsequent, on earth:
As straight as H to sight
Of tar-gum stuck repute
If straightly look you to 't
Straight stops wake swept by blight
While sight is taking chute;
If self be hazed with strong
Emotion—always wrong
Pending a point in moot;—
Though nature keeps along
To further break from brute.
Fact from the squint thus put,
Square through the Delsart screen
The non-existent's seen:
"The vastest symbolings

Of the great soul of things"[1]
"The infinite joys and ways"[2]
In bale full heap of phrase—
The "pave" meant as extensioned
In healthy old Dante mentioned.[3]
Such burst of northiness
With lust of worthiness
A mind possessed of, soon
Becomes a lost baloon,
Broke loose from the connection
Of natural selection
And out of re-direction.
Balled atmos—gearless prune,
Our auld sept emberoon!
One's institution once,
None's in tuiton nonce!
A deuteronomy
From honor me apart—

[1] Wordsworth school. [2] Browning mystics.
[3] Dante Alighieri.

Sheer physiognomy
Off fizzing from "the heart"!
Obverse of mental center
Observed of sentimental
Puffed skin of Wonderloon—
Great lunar tick, rescuen
From wrinkles by the whiches
Wort-thymed his dish and spoon,
To whom she swears the breeches.
He sees her seams of stitches,
But spite of petty coat
Re-deems her sans culotte[1]
And gars that "her luce sway
Can boot the sun from day,
Her sternest shrouding reaches
Squaring that way." He screeches
"High climbing Time's old beaches,

[1] A glad stone, indifferent to reason, is an impregnable sham rock, saying: "Let us maintain before we have proven," like a new man.

Behold her! Not askew!
Asquarely! Fear her! Boo!
That nobvious hither side's
Humptackhead without clue,
There, aureoled like gooroo—
Hedonic boot that hides
Re-scued from eye police,
The good things earth-perdu—
Disc-covers his plump valise."
  Blot-won face, shallow shone
Rot pabulous! magnified,
Wan face bared to be none![1]

  Such is the mask to wear!
Ne'er dream to it off tear;
But make your sight severe
And penetrate it clear,

[1] Time covetously hordes the semplar tradition that lost things of earth go into the moon.
  "All these upwhirled aloft
Fly o'er the back side."—*Par. Lost*, B. iii.

And see how it hath buried
Its shadow on the world,
And how it threatens Me
With moral idiocy—
And let your child be born
And bred with it unworn.
—And if—in fairness fair—
Main moon and thee compare—
Man, mid night, named both Light;
He ne'er inured thy flare
Thy span-all fan of mite,
To vacuous whimsied sleight—
Whim features faned of wraith
Vaned by a bellowsed faith,
Fanfaron of despair.
Thou, Man, nor moon, can'st waive
Thy typhooned, Man's inert,
Moon's interlunar cave—
Identity's revert
To fountain back from spurt.

And wee thing of the sea
Upheld by fact we see
Upheld by all must be
Selenographically.
Thee, spiring upright here,
Bright through the Nethersphere
No grown doubt forgone blare
Neaptide-dinged bell-tongue dart
Mist's own sands Noahs to scare
Fixt ill thy fictile part.
Nathless thy single stare
Through joined art's cringled air—
Manomar-measured care—
And leaning skellying pairs
Of scalene scaling stairs
A polar staff thou art
Of such initial start
As making way to mend
Parts not the endstead trend;
A mansioned pharos fair

For all that stay shun there ;
A tied yruling rune
Of multifarious boon ;
A pyrophorus kite
Hove up the dark of sight ;
A whatery aerolite,
Or vire, cropt out, of head nature's platoon [1]
Speeding as crossbow sped the muskeetoon—
Whose strides of make ousted the sprunt spontoon ;
Hence, forth of earth—no menace from Apollo
On the Olympian flat—from cellar hollow ;
Atlantean Cyclops' spine, spired-in to a line,
Eyeball a blaze co-mandant with the brine ;

[1] Vire. I have chosen this figure to represent the mental movement with natural selection, which must be facilitated with nature, not obstructed by opposing nature to it. With what assiduous effort man must have toiled to walk erect before it was hereditary to do so! Nature's vire was lifting in him continuously not fitfully.

Tern key of ocean's vault, earth's deep, yea
mine!
Low starting rock it, searching for a sky!
Prolonging statue static to the eye!
Tall peak of grains arrayed from black to
white!
A radius-vector of the wake to sight!
Per seived diameter per sea veiledite!
Persistant, radiant, vacant, ant bar-lune
From midsea void a spy ring to the moon
Without the hinge aspiring man makes frail
Thou being kneedless as a comets' tail
And only able to shine out above
The tadpole level by for man Man's love!
O, beeline structure, obelised earth's heart,
Coherent cosmic courser causes art
To whim thee, spite of defalcation smart—
Since truth like open Man must have its
birth
On sequences from center of the earth—

As Thought—which holds upright the dorsal
pith
Though stripling hours trip blindman's buff
it with—
Whose cerebel feat on end mid powers gone
free
Evolved resultant of those powers must be.
Thin kingkey virgulate that here ascends
Whence chains of fact for Man all have their
ends,
Be conscious thought aspired, adjoined like
thee,
So thought which is itself its elf may Me
And functionating on log molecules creep
Umbrageous while we watch to see it leap
Unheralded to halo where we are
Self's self ex-celled like an aurora spar,[1]
Or chick forth-standing from its oval car,

1 In the winter of 1820-1 the Warder in New England heard the aurora "pt" simultaneously with the

Or dawn of red in dusky iron bar,
Or sleep involving sight without a jar!
Just like the flying ball that rises far
The end conspire with space the homeing va!
Thought, in our rachi's spire that has
no prop
Of space, long waitest thou joined art at top
To pit there time's spearpoint, Now severing so
As present what will come and what did go,
Whose parlous edges, weld of Yes and No,
Thus sharply part the Old and New twin
brothers:
I-DID-DO, one's scarp, MY-DEED-DUE, the
other's.
These ever present lines—the mind's obverse—
Present the only way of the universe
Where Man can enter it. There unshrined

tinted streamer from which the sound unmistakeably proceeded touching the zenith approximately, which was the only part of the sky visible amid the brilliant electric haze.

Re-spires the fact which consciously divined
And worn upon the conduct's crucial test—
True log of course and progress, of the kind—
Splays character of Man. Animal the rest.
There from the animal night Man peeks a
blossom;
There broadest art reflects the macrocosm
Duly, in which consists the microcosm;
There on the paragogic dial wrought
Time's spearpoint sparks the brilliant point
of thought
And from the animal's respirant Now
Man's way gleams wake resultant, from his
brow.
The wake patternal splayed outside a light
From inmost structure's triumph towered to
sight.
Of thee this thing we do make bold to
ask;—
Thy thought expression wake the choral task

Whose diapason can the world unmask :
Its airs transpose by governing note of mi
Heart sound full toning into dominant key
Not to denaturalize heredity
By factless incense and credulity
Till motive and incentive and intention
Crust in a Dante shell of curst invention—
A shining light with falsehood in subtention.

Song. By Gem Is Thus.[1]

"IDEAS RULE THE WORLD."

When plus weather fussed thy plethor
Tall like feather up typhoon
And thou carried it mid harry
Didst thou larriet the moon !

1 Gemisthus Pletho's vire vibrating through the entire upstretch of a century first of all helped Opinion to rise in conformity with the figure of true representation.

Nay !—But shoe show down thy blue low
Luna too goes deep in view ;
For since sheeny ne'er hath been a
Ghaut between ye balks the clue.

Yet when scowling to thee growling
Clouds, ahowling sat vaunter Loon
High crest e'er rid, where he tarried
And it flairéd to the moon ! !

Luring game limb—not to name him—
Do not blame him he receives it—
He it read flat as a spread mat
And has said that he believes it !

THE THIN KING KEY VIRGULATE

THUS situate, with structure such, upheld
So, in this ocean of fact universe
Now traversed by fact life which hath it spanned,
Though not yet quite attained to either pole,
A vertical vertebrate nerve from deepest dark
Of thought up to right action's zenith height
Spires, in tuition by experience
Of the tangent ocean of environment
Whose vault it is the key of, earth's, and mine.
The long known ancient of the jave-lines,
The natural empiritical rod of empire,
The entailed core of all, the node I Be

Turning siderial time
To semaphore in Odyssey
Of equinoctial climb ; [1]
All's gnomon vane of whelm
With wake for every helm ;
Thinking key virgulate of nature's realm
And its fact-tracing heaven uplifting mime.

[1] The better to watch for moves amongst the stars, in an antiquity that baffles penetration they were grouped in constellations. The most terrifying mystery that ever scoured the human faculties excepting Virgil's description of hell which filled him with remorse when he was dying was that drifting away of the heavens which homes the sun at the moment of equal nights and days for thousands of years in Taurus and for a like great lapse of time in Aries, scientifically explained by "the precession of the equinoxes" mathematical points of which they had no conception. They may have built the tube in the pyramid, a spy ring pointing to Polaris, in this connection. The Bull designated the object of their heartfelt worship when this constellation seemed to hold the direction of the universe, which it did for the 4320 years preceding our era.

To it I listen and I hear the sun
Chant as he chanted in the old Memnon.

Deep's slumberless riot dark fulfils,
Far bowcord vibrates bent concise—
Mark! thunder throb down in them thrills
And lightenings flash to opaque eyes—
And psuedopods dehisce and intersperce
Glamour of life throughout the universe.

Dawn, in fons miles—morn, sunny near—
Noon, man aging in fulness bright—
As endstead-wrought to cirrus sphere
And cumulus pomp, take thy insight
In nature art excursive with the grace
Of sequents spired to empyrean space.

Dream yearnings mid joy beamings fear
Nul part sump-gulf art's vivid elf:[1]

[1] The unwaked mind, a waste of seems, knows not

Here'd fresh careered ancestral peer
Aloft brings laughing forth, erst self:
Traversing like gravity parts' nightmare fee
Memory fact-traces the returnity.

Imbued diffraction rues the endstead
Away in self's neaptidal snare,
Cavernous lure, till plod-lift spread
It sapphire, social, worldwide care
And the same line constrains the sun from
nought
Root-hold the real present fact-lit thought.

Thin span of void! thought's mete of stride
Multuplicate, galaxy's leap
On nature's dome of fact, inside

the joy of living and dying, of tasting misery and becoming superior to it, but is heart blighted with the dread that nature contains an almighty power that designedly creates living beings that must eat each other to subsist.

Of want's domain and reason's sweep,
Streaming to constantly fact-facing mind
Beam-arrow articulately inspined,

Time's all-wrought spear with spark, vire
fleet!
Wake-penetrate the umbrageous shield
That hides penumbraneous deceit,
Till nature-bated fancy yield,
Through to Man's, nature's self, gyre on the
mirror
Of august purpose there—purge it of error!

Aspire, thin plight, from age to age
To make a heaven of thy place
And culminate in welkin stage
Of Man-leashed sky full facing space;
There character, of all its now reverse,
One galaxy, sustain the universe!

Thy sequences conjoined of fact,
From the endstead point d'appui unfurled,
O spine, enlightenment protract
Along the radii of the world;
And every truth with force of senses is
Presented in this form of emphasis.

REFLECT TACTION.

THOUGH sharp yet thin like zodiacal light
To me the reflex of an ocean rises
Orbed. A figure circumscribed therein
Strains eyeward surely while its limbs dissolve
In soft repose; inherent breadth outsprays
With levigated symmetry its length
The tensive presage of its shadowy guise
Transmitting joys incepted sunshine.
Growth,
Muse I, now teemest thou wherefor?

THE FIGURE OF TRUE REPRESENTATION.

"I am
The pillar and foundation fact, the lift

And actual bulge, of life. Preceding man
For long, still long ere saw I wot of wake
Or aught ere sought above the Nethersphere
Ages I used to drudge as animal.
Drudge animal use ages in me engrained—
Whose protoplasmic fragments without type
Are self amidst the grain potentially
Which individualizes by a long
Coincident move with the environment
In Me—the sum, the individual
Characteristic of society—
Must now aspire, evolved in consciousness
An active part of the environment
From whence proceeds the natural selection
That cannot be ignored with sanity;
But finds no help except in sequent truth
Of plodding study giving nature sway
To fix its wake. Whence sway corrupt
recedes,
Till blood is tilled, bred in with telic force,

The only telic force which nature has,
Just conduct—into Me.[1]
No art excedent dissolute and forced
Abortion of ecstatic vanity
Shall genius massing dross make fruitage
way;
No wind blown dream bag the integument
Of nascent growing sprue to gaudy show
Of gall-stung sham and tetterish flummery,
Wherein a misplaced gawd perverts the
verve
And nature slandered is as only beastly;

[1] Conduct to be moral must be offspring of design mediately or immediately which is not in nature until consciousness becomes a component of the environment by which volition is swayed. An animal may be trained so that its will in a measure takes a specified direction. A man can train himself in that degree. This is design—instructed attention. Postulated demoniacal obligation is displaced by that of adaptation of means to ends—to the well being *i.e.* the enjoyment of society—the enjoyment of hereditary conduct.

But growth's material soil conforms to Now,
The evolution of eternity,
Whose fulness and reality are present nature.
To nature therefore habit must be true
Lest in my action conduct grade away
Lion or lamb like though its port and Man
Past the transition point disastrous fail
To be : and, like a pent sea's shrunken tide
Raised never for the equilibrium
Between its rain fall and evaporation,
The social growth shall standing too remain
For that between supply of character
And waste. Beyond imagination's stretch
Matter unvitalized reflects itself
As functionating force goes to its end
Environ-fixt. Not so design proceeds,
Which firmly note is always essayed art.
For when in process of development
The consciousness attains that reverend
height

Whence thought looks through the purposive
sensuous quest
The scope of Me so broadens aim must seek.
Wherein Olympian calm is masterless:
As with the soldier when his life depends
Upon the nerve attendant on the sight
He must not heat, intoxicate, be dazed
With any feeling off the exigency
Not even to call it deep religious rapture
But hold the scope as central earth the fields.
Then will experience bud with practical
right—
And right not practical existeth not
However bold it may be talked about
For the reason right relates to conduct only—
By reconcilement of necessity
In conscious intercourse. Of this outcome
I must a verified observer be
By habit settled in heredity.
Thus do I render art spontaneous,

Conscience bring forth—the bloom of act in
brain ;
The factual inflorescence and relief
And ethic evolution of ripe Man
Upon the collimation nature art.
No borborigmus' undigested belch
Of idle breath to frighten with :—by sight
And sapience of self-consciousness, and also
By every vital thing's affinity
For the associate feature of its kind,
Now's instituted intuition. Breed
Therein must Man owe Man for as for being ;
For it alone revere progenitors,
Though weanlinglike their good intent he
feel,
Their brainless Chivalry and caitiff train
Of inane fantasies illusive borne.
In Me the moral order thus appears,
Crushing that nesty nut "Nought can be
known"

And to the question answering "What is
truth"—
Coincidence of thought with nature's facts,
Integrity's identity assured;
The blissful home of just peace-seeking souls,
And refuge from incensateness of creeds
Resulting from a masked literature.
Verified, the fact reveals the course of right—
If not, that surely nothing can is clear—
From which a patient human love evolves
That dies ere it will vitiate heredity
And in pursuance ne'er can introduce
Of vice into society. Such a love
E'en now lights up some wayside paths of
life,
And through the lucarne of that noblest spire
Whose molecules unlock the source of force,—
Along my line. I in apposition
Receive and hold the wake, conform thereto,
And then no dark disturbs my way serene;

For thus the conduct problem re-resolves
And shows outside how great the consciousness—
The Me, the measure of society—
How insignificant the person is.
Uplifting this plain art and primitive—
Art of producing Man—brings forth a strength
No Samson ere brash faith his locks doomed had—
Locks ! furfur key to wakeless character !
A strength made Washington man's nation clear
To freedom and responsibility,
Where Columbus by it through Erebus dove
To bring this actual world to manhood's wake,
The world of Now by man till then ne'er seen,
Till the modern year of fourteen ninetytwo ;
Made Franklin reconcile the earth and sky
Which killed that August demon of the twain ;

Made Morse the nations force to clasp hand
daily
And so not fear to be not enemies ;
Made Ames mate side by side same West
same East,
Lincoln unterm the link on Liberty,
And Spired Tenacity grant our south its
arms.
For some can plod above their Nether birth
And only seem to cringe to false demands,
Nor letting any cant affect their minds
Conform to a perfunc necessity.
Yet insular conquest by disjoined art
Pines in the shallows of the Nethersphere
Like the rathe primrose that forsaken dies [1]
While the solid spires the radiance up my
deep
And splays it o'er my sphere,
An utterance molecular of the thorough ;

[1] Lycidas.

Which lays the wake to coming generations,
Allays perversity before their dawns,
And guarantees the shear of evolution
Consentric, till the individual Man
Do justly and love mercy and walk humbly
With his God."

The waters of that lucid orb
With sinuous coil and winding round about
The figure's self, welter and cublike spring
In mobile flow without detent as on
The rolling tumbles. It—the lift of wake—
The congener of our cynosure Sand Key,
Of the visible diameter of the moon,
Of the galaxy and derrick of the high,
And of Me, thinking key virgulate of all,
Forefigures the presentment of ideas
As ever stretching onward, being force,
Only by jointed incidence of fact
Touching the endstead of all things

And growing outward always from the center.
Resultant of the spheres, behold the key,
That never yet of furfur fervor came!
A truth more forceful than miraculous
Materialization of the non-existent
That not to credit squints of being rude!
And constant—like the moon's old atlantes—
To understand its awe full rise and wake
To gleaming cult of thought and healthy
growth
And love, from nature's utmost depth
On facts the earth evolves continually.

THE SONG OF THE SOLO MAN.

INSTITUTED INTUITION.

ALL IS NOT VANITY.

CONSCIENCE vary?
Truthful, wary,
'Twill for e'er a heart reveal,
E'en if witty
Glows a pity
In its pretty laughter peal.

Too, if able
To a fable
Wise, its stable eye is meek,
Wile is simple
'Neath the wimple
Round the dimple of its cheek.

Art the sternest
Cult, sure, learnest—
Its internest wake ordeals—
Joy in fashion
Of the station-
ary flash on burnish steels.

SOCIAL ASPECT.

WHAT new uncovering of the beautiful
Or exposition fine of excellence,
Advance in science wealth or skill,
Can now conduce to civilizing growth,
Unless to breed within the molecule
That nature will secern to form the body
The quality and character of Man ![1]

[1] It is clear and admitted everywhere that the transmission of instincts is the rule of heredity, there is no need of citing examples to support it. Ribot. Persons who lie once or steal once are liars or thieves instinctively. Religion as taught by Mussulmans, Judaeans or Christians, does not abate these immoralities ; they are most prevalent where the calls to it are most frequent. In fact its object and teaching is forgiveness ; whereas nature does not forgive—but amends by change of instinct.—An editorial of the London Daily

The representation by society
Of nature's proper Man being in reverse
And not corrected by phantasm of art ;
Its character, as figured, upside down,—
Seen like the mirage of the Eifel tower
As coming down from sky not up from earth ;—
The teaching of its childhood wrong side out—
The manikin model footing forth deceit ;
The blandest tone of bells to passion calling ;

A stone blind heart-felt worship scoffing truth ;
Sodden feeling over-ruling manly thought
In craving for the extra natural ;—
O peaceful restful solitude, observe
His hyperdulian solidarity :

Standard says "it can hardly be expected that any considerations of morality will suffice to stem the prevalence of mendacity in every gradation of society."

The single site in all the pansophy
Of nature where a worship worthy Man
Can sit ; whose ideal in the rachis' life,
Transpired, coincident, epitomised,
O'erskies the mind ; the utmost reach of
Being ;
The grown production of the endstead out
Of vire of thought of justice truth and love ;
An evolution too, whose cup of transport
Trails in humanity the kedge of character
And like a floating flower sustains its stem
To draw through it support and exhalation
That spreads outside a genuine redolence
And aspiration from the earth—as from
The upraised points of the electric rod
Doth peacefulness diverge to every quarter ;
The dialogue the first of all with all ;
The bench marked summit junction life and
death ;
The intuition of heredity ;

Fulfilment of aspiring prophecy;
Objective of the stature molding Greek;
The reproduction of a thorough Man;
Christ's kingdom, Mahomet's paradise,
Nirvana of the Buddha, and not least
Identity of knowledge and the Now.

No stimulated appetite's colapse
In lack of stomach—for fantastic maps
Hast thou. Nor simulated in thine eye
No moat, no cataract, do we imply.
Not idle scoon wreck beam decks thy es-
cutcheon
Nor tidal reckless fur-rowing rackcoon.
On high the man thy trapeze frame so
much on
Looks leapy forth to heed if's late or's
soon;
For now devolving nature would in man
Lay manwake as the vire of all's main van.

Gawk, an Nile func lied he, swamped in
exemption,[1]
Wisting Served Tape to ferret his redemp-
tion—
Were he that flotson sphynx in drift to thee
How could'st thou spray broadcast thy lay
boree!
Or a needy cabinet fag of meanness slyer
Called to naïvely by the collar "The Go-
liah"!
Waving in air its tale of other haunts
Of farther brotherhoods a ker-chief flaunts
And quests a prying mate—where guest's he
not—
Toreutic as the awful of thy lot;
His chinless hairless snout, imposing jowl
His long extreme-keyed note, that airs his
soul

[1] The cast of this official visage is reproduced by Allston in the foreground of his great picture.

While in his pen he flops the murkiness
And spilth it yields to corn ate clear and mess
Denote, forestall him prime meat at some future
Such lard in lay links head and tail as suture.[1]
Oft to thy offing lured by beckoning clothes poles
Bloat corporations gloat evincing nose holes
Floating for's'cents, to take in never loth
"One's one"! a musty miller or be he moth.

[1] To illustrate the omniverousness of the literary fat-producing phenomenon: the finest of the breed makes a tete à tete flower out with

"I am he that was thy lord before thy birth
I am he that is thy lord till thou art earth
Thou fool, my name is death."

Which so openly discloses its origin as to fetch up the answer while readjusting the derrick of the quarry

"I know thee not nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee."

Duped gastric soured without their host they
reckon
To smell in fancy's hamlet eh ! gor ! bacon
And for post mortem filching hoglike take on
Chaos and Logic chouse them drunk as
Helix
Comet-ing common sense mit metaphysics !
In content set these urge their gold dispute
Though few the others' future holds refute
And kine'd'on Place-in-see the surging split
Like neat, fold-fording—ox ford—Gee Suet.
Argonaut like fleas there Jason-conquered
Concur like seed split peas in pieceful con-
cord
And see when all perflate with howlet study
Bamboozled self bamboozles everybody !
Thy naze forefixt as of these even benign
No moral part innate wants thy design,
And fetes by fetch uncouth O high old ways
As if rawed the sneak is fitted to thie' phase.

The "old and pleasant gentleman" regards
The prizes that he gathers by his wards,
But not their fate, so they will nothing tell
Of treasure whose enjoyment is such spell!
And strange, though dead and blind he lives in Scio
Familiar with the world as dad Ohio;
Still skill to wield discards all pious fears
And trips him to the front of Volunteers
To file them up. Behold the painsful strains
That eke the skewings of his tick-tack brains:
Suggesting scene—ob-scured—as he supposes—
Impertinent to woman mid-so-rosis:
Smiling at depth of space round him assembling
So great that lightening enters it with trembling.
A feeler without powder jimmy fleam

Commits a fellowny to come at a theme
Not less than with Macbethan beetle rapper
When by the tricky ling of safety clapper.
Beast ride the boss for us who breasts the sea
And mashes marshes to smash e'er a bee!
Muc-pieous cool boys in their fearful spells
Perplex ill usage of the dard darn ls,
Glum histry grudging that the moral mighty
Sole know to spell—al-arméd—neutral i, t;
But all a balm a spell if fined by zounds
'Tis found they can rebait on fishing grounds.
A monster crapaud swells there to be Sire—
Like sire presumes to lead the throne a dance
And rebaptize their own progeny with fire—
A plodding Deutscher ergo captures France.
Cervantes servant is to Man. His play
Of warfare shows feigned faith van-vanishéd—
And, serving man by faith, plays brains away:

At Kartoum, Big Horn, Balaclava, Man is
shed.
On thee no league long mar-lines troll for
battel
No corral lines prolonged pound ye sea cattle
No foss ill bony parts' marled Elbo' room
Or listless lot of seaser pent in gloom—
No mum maid Whom, go' sooth! no he ca'
tomb—
Thy disc discords to gong a What a loom!
Or stir religion's stale antique perfume.[1]
Frantic or antic font as Hydra 'n 'ear it—
Spirts it spirit—backless vacuum, speer it!
No skim soup unnatural fetches skum in
here—
All schemes to come to pass are nature's
'mere:
Whatever is is so by tangent courses—
And nature's 'cream's outside of its resourses.

[1] Latin re, back, and ligare, to tie.

Herein the complement of history dwells.
Nature of all things is and no where else
Is there where droit impels or gauch pell mells.
There is no infinite or great or small;
There's greater and there's lesser—and there's
all.
Surely 'tis what a mind desires to see
The essence or the fact that nature Is, to Be,
Perhaps demotic insight may bestow
Remotic joining with the endstead so
Each mind's enlightening rod can be its pole
To lift the truth directly from the whole;
And all reject outside of nature loathing—
They are monsters in a human, or else no
thing.
Nature's the fact that is; that always was,
For without nature there could be no cause;
Nature the fact that is; that ne'er was not,
For without nature there could be no lot—
This nature here, the real presence we

Can know, and knowing which we real be.
What frail absurdity to ponder what
Is not of us, and making belief or not
Disdainful seem of nature's unasked sweet
And motherlike assistance! Hear that bleat:
"Dont give your mind entire to doing right;
Reserve some of it to hold God in sight:
What we dont know exalts us [raises Cain]
Not the cleared head, poh, poh, that makes us sane"!
O! thoughtless mad re-poh-ers' bugbear soffit
Not thou, nor mid thy mart or stowers a profit.
No Shippin' hour here lays aboard thy berth
To dump thy brilliants down to dismal dearth;
Nor Celsus—to the priest whose weary-usness
Is lacking intellectual seriousness.
As when the deeper plows the evidence

Geteout, the leper, vows "no consequence"
So the unmarried Utahine avers
The baby, being shown it, can't be hers :[1]
The necromancy being available
The weak romance is unassailable—
And further, more, them other Mamons parade
Cupidity and sorcery by trade.
No kitten drowning politician Help
Here lets his cabal run sans brick for whelp;
But wildcat prank like it is somewhere done
Else would that waul I hear denounce such fun?
Why did Winfield field not win? Did e'er the ire astocracy
Loosen brat to loot the brick, subletting the democracy?

[1] Natura non fecit Saltum Lacus.

—O, a fosterling of foreign birth as brothy as
a brother
Loves my country. He abides in it. I lead
him to my mother.
Should he scheme to sell her rubric out to
Thomas, Doge or Pope,
Can I care what may be tied to him or if he
slip or slope!
If he make her law-n a spider's camp and
killing it with kell
Counteract our homely grannyry—my kitchen
let him smell!
I'll cold-shoulder invitation toils and let him
snare a sneeze—
Let him victual where they veto him, or vote
him as they please.
No, master Milton says, writing to show
How far and wide the human mind can go,
Apples which toil not neither do they spin
Brought death into the world and all our sin—

Except my form of Samson "mine unique
For Vondell kept not up his noble Greek."[1]
Clamberidge for models O be spare and
scanty
Of all such men as Milton, Virgil, Dante,[2]
That idolize but tare-lent—as did Phæton
And fell thereby as flat as "Ode of Drayton."[3]
Homer and Shakespere are the men for mend.
Mere ink, stand they? Wake throwing light
they pend.
Behold the Greek and Roman Homer bred!
—Good lack, again, Virgil and Dante led!!

[1] Vondell was accustomed before commencing a new work to translate a Greek play. Edmundson, p. 169.

[2] Three men who, discovering they were of exceptional tallent, devotedly prepared themselves from youth up expressly for the purpose of deliberately playing upon the superstitious weakness of their brethren.

[3] Ingenious mechanism only finds the flaw in fine astronomical lens glass.

But now, now look; Virgil and Dante shed
When Homer, Shakespere, our Apollo spell,
Manward our course with face unwrenched
by smell
Of cruel, clever, putrid, love of swell.
The stump is punky fiery blains have
browned it,
So that the Mugwumps whip the devil round
it:
The leaders list not whom or where they
lead,
To wield their tallent their all heedless need
And bloat some topic till it float their name
And real genius to that heaven of fame
Where Virgil, Dante, Milton, Calvin, Laud,
Sit Jove like on the painted fog unawed.
Dear old Monthly's canty buzzers thumb her
sheets
Anticipating themes—of which they're short;
Blank Eddies, tumid with the lank conceits

In tink of words—the which they self a
thought.
Where, ere the month begins, she's forth a
roamer
There ready finds her homes the spritely
homer ;
And, following, May led monkies fill the
papers
With skilful, graceful, startling, tricks and
capers ;
In quiring care young robins strangely meet
Till they the patient souls of cats replete.
Why, every inkyrant penster's tink mine is
The unknowable ! Tin pens full thence they
whiz
At art's clean face and fisk right in
Where Socrates—nor Jesus—dont begin.
No gaudy parrot speaking noise is here'd
Whose queasy voice and quasi falso queered :
" To err is human to forgive divine,

[To level conduct to the monkey shine
And slow or back that automatic prod
An honest Man's the highest form of God,]
Wherefore on Sabre day is bred and meet
Finesse, to teach the shooting mind t' see 't
And feign to feel what can't be so at all
To be what all preknow like hunger's call."
If it di-late in age too smit for smart
A surplus-poison he ticks in the he-art:
Poise on me, my stick beam o' winspiration
Dowse-divy-nating charm in's'peculation
That warns me 'Earth unpetres, grasp my rope—
You can't have virtue without definite hope'!
That trope 't upset the old south belle tongue mirth
By frequent dowse of spencer-expose girth
Might well set up a litter airy stoop
Where jolly redcoat rascals gat en poupe,

And Logic Space and Time might there
cease dinging
'Nay nature hath no end more than begin-
ning'—
They holding breath o'er the abime de
Paschal
Where one who rahs for Now still stills the
rahs call.
I' faith the needless index needles so' thing
When without touch of action 't know no
no' thing
For let thy watch in decks set so, a midge
Skreaks thee full split upon the Devil's
Bridge.
Little numbheads howl and whine their hows
and whys
While hard content Pretense rebuts their
cries
For she distributes thus her one thing
dreadful

That cheek of blocked in horn that chocks
her head full :
Anointing life as trade-tradition b'lieving
No less no more she poses it's worth living,
As if her ays and noes were sense-deceiving ;
And such [add] mired content deadness re-
hearses—
Pre-seeded meads of telic universes—
That conscienced science with a bouleverse
Scanning her morass rood accedes acres.
A poet's *foam* would'st thou "believe" meant
snow
Smirking to tell the world it is not so ?
Fain not to feel the point Lucretius prod
And boast possession of "the thought of
God" ?
Such taint upon the race a cancer stuck
Should first the mind embrace then conduct
suck,
Assent not tying to reality

But to an inconsequentiality—
Whence, fetching forth a glaring idiocy,
Her: "Damn bent there a daring Diderot
see!"
No part act'st thou where all the honor lies
As lies the would-be queen of all cities;
No no vice thou whose plea on Aztec[1] brood
Flop-palters and de-sires a sired Manhood—
Subjects the gorge to one eyed ear in a Slide
Rink
And like a bivalve one does not to think
At oyer, I'm your brother oyster near
In the adjoining shell know'st thou I'm here!
As gravity pervades the shyest skies
The sun pervades the planetary plan
Thy conscious light pervades the wisest eyes
Insight should now parade fact's face in man;
Nor swink to curtail life of real art

[1] A club of battle officers with hereditary membership.

And manhood, with a sly hoodwinking part ;
The missing link can be but missing link
Until its sands respire above the brink,
Like thine, and there like thine wake-lumined
think.
Can kin they be, the men who better
know—
Who leading sons of men deprave them so
They lick the brass all off Ju-Piter's toe ?
Brother ! could'st thou thy best estate ex-
plore,
Thou would not fail to see the path to take,
And follow though dry desert rise before
And rocky summit out of fenny brake.
Time did once seem to say "Nought can be
known
No matter what this man or that one saith."
That time being past and nature duly shown,
How can'st thou shut thine eyes to go by
faith !

Thou art superior to a drifting tide,
All consciousness is waked, all seen, all
heard,
Cleaving the eye of conscience as thy guide,
The effort made to blunt it is absurd.
Great, godly, with a heavenly life on earth
That hungers not for power or for pelf,
Thy children happy angels, by their birth,
Thou could'st not care to live always—mere
Self.
To care a mite, might carry contemptation
To scold cold schools en bloc, nay nay a
nation,
While butt-end up words be their education.
Would gnatty words with eer-a-ne'er-eous
bight
Expect' orate a pun and trice it trite
The every thoroughface my squirm o'erglace,
My greed of medias res on's common-place
Content to hide in affectation smart

Like mites all sage in cheese the world apart
Might gnaw and gnaw nor heaven only nose it—
Which goes without saying dont a mite expose it.
Odd if for deficiency in contribution
Tutors could toot it in the constitution !
Would that subserve a knaven born man a day,
Whose table of the law drears Canada
Or frank, clean shaven, shewn you face of swooper ?
Thy pandecks toast a finward grace in groupers
Petitioning through pet Titians wanting supers,
But gricey basement aisle increasing awe-ill
In creasing contraet groups for for-aye's paw-ill,
Having the air of odor most repulsive—

Nor pale o'cannery—thy wee sand and
gull-et,
Foraging gulping pailful canny mullet,
Filling the table fry with qualms convulsive—
Where screed seroons dumfounder with no
contents
Making dunes in runes of hippoo-crater non-
scents;
Sallyvation fewry as expert, yea more,
In noisesome newsense of the Mænad roar—
Sternutory to joint of progress' score,
Abscinding characters—mean added blind
To shutter atmosphere of fact from mind.
Serve, Isle, all these—their many kin un-
known—
One single aura, flung of ash t' atone,
By artificial sentiment slop-thrown,
For no essential redolence? Ah well,
All wake be darkend, sands! Obscure, pell
mell,

Thy scope! Bedevil Me with moody zest,
"Here aid I te? New ditty here!"—A pest;
And not earth's center spired to nature's
crest
Along the galaxy of manhood's breast,
Conforming representation to the best—
Thy obvious, lifting, figure, solid truth's
eternal, only, rest!

THE NETHERSPHERE

AND ANIMAL NIGHT OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

HIED be they to their own undertow
Sunned by sundering top waters, hid
Where the social Protozo shall phosphor or no
And the Nautilus flout with the Squid;
And the Toadfish mess-wallow goulu—
Sacky Bowel, slack memory too;[1]
Or full Bubb-les of Trash slinking out from below
Start the Sole in its clay—Par-rot, Scupp, Pompineau;
Sag the Shark with aplomb scarcely moving a fin

[1] A blubberlike object which solemnly designates itself as "excessively sorry."

Until steaks of Sardines pique his teeth to
go in;
Stable gimbal the Tortoise's compassed mass
With the in senses teeming his car carapace;
The long Gar lay its jaw jolly two barrel
tooter
Out on guard to its fellow forkhead Bara-
couter;
Burly Loggerhead shying his stumpable
flapper
Lurch as spry from his nap as a sprite table
Snapper,
And the Angelfish, eyeing your thought, wary
dive
His square sides of barred tints, gorge us,
Spectrum Alive!
All these Elves 'll choose to bury—'ll eschew
an Eelfish shame,
Piquant saucy to our flimsiness by thy im-
peccant flame;

And O never wert thou held a seat of custom's
tale incurred
Nor in any year a ravage-haunt for seaking
thing or bird
Never sheriff, buy-shop, tariff, ever brought
thy grit to grief
For no strife hath Sandlot riffraff brought or
bred upon thy reef.
That Ephish-ian beastly heritage thou ban-
ished in the herd
So no hebetude make habitude join stir of
garish worth
And no Sturgeon by the ear possessed may
fear-possess the earth.[1]

[1] In this description of the Nethersphere I confine myself to what is known—to the beings which inhabit it; refraining from the construction of a dramatic allegory the highest species of Greek composition in deference to the dying sentiment of Socrates, according to Plato: "The allurement of high dramatic allegory is ennobling but to positively assert it as fact is beneath a man."

Song.

EXTENSION OF THE WAKE OVER THE NETHERSPHERE.

WELTER, cat'spaw swirls of the ensign pink,
That of you low sky waft the in-fons' smile;
Take the salt air smack from the tide lip's
brink
That in calm will cleave to the solitaire pile:

And myriad surfaces of pure white rays
Inform with figure of the land turned isle;
Till all sized mirrors flick it all sides ways
And wake splays everywhere the sandflake's
taille!

CHARACTER.

PURE as the ocean dome! clean as the moon
Marching aloft aloof to thy typhoon
Her tidy limbs in stirless ether stirred!
Bereft and arenarious though thou art,
Great grand United Sam[1] with's word and
sword
Upholding thus a very nation's part—
Nation of nature underwrit foretold
By in-nest Columbus of the human fold—
Outhold's thee man of every nature's boon.
To manifold crafts' supreme manfolding hull
Clipping the furrows' aveugle rasping bound,
To Corsair creeping like the shade-flat bul

[1] Flot-Sam, jet-Sam, lo Sam and we Sam
"in mighty quadrate joined
Of union irresistible." Par. Lost, B. v.

In craven quest, to Wrecker writhing round,
To white palatial Sail, black plunging Scull,
To desperate Duré-mast, to desolate Loon
Poising his Hoy thin—his toy foible "Seigle"—
Encloistering his foith in foist spread eagle
Straying to see things on the seething waste
Thy joinéd art is nature yeaning shown
And doth on every prow Man's heighth enthrone
Over the abyss in joined fact implaced
Of stirless central depth—of all embraced.
Of no unknowable all else disgraced.
Gem and incept of action insight's flash on
At looking round the compass of compassion
Whose wake entailed of calm fixt fact within
Displays reality; its origin;
Whose lex of reflex exody exacts
That way-conduct, by sight, take tack's syntax.

Unseen or seen, the fore of joined facts—
The singled great position, apt to time.
Resultant momentary and imprime,
Whose strands of education, of design,
As well as execution, tern-entwine
Into the sole direction truth affects
Where fact in thought to nature it connects.
The simplest craft solidifying joy!
Continuing schaft of builded vire-deploy,
On conscious sequents' fact traced line,
From the endstead reaching out to every one,
Unsealing inward sight to outward shine,—
Aspire each human gem, like thine, to sun
And vire of thought, out-beaming truth and
love;
Mined for below, not sought above,
Linked as in growth out of dark's darkest
deep,
And spread its wake upon the waste of
sleep!

High contemplate for parallel apart
The acme of fact-facine-ating art,[1]
Man with his future on his open palms :
Extending it to life within his alms
Leads consciousness anent the animus strong
Instinct acquires swallowing wrong for long ;
In clear experience steads perception's start,
To thus tie back the natal knot of art
On route to pass from animal to Man ;
Singles the way to clear at the depart
The single way conducts to nature's van.
Being that way himself, his ample plan,
Rocklike in structure set, the maze to scan,
Seas o'er he sees the endstead-issuing tract—
His score—extend the key of tacks in tact :
" Nature, that all reality has brought,

[1] Praxiteles' group of Silenus and infant Bacchus.

Thy vire of solid truth in me be fraught ;
Integrity of growth around me shine
And honesty of wake make earth divine."
Aye since Athene with Poseidon fought
An ept tune's eidolon in her clavier thought.
Race having sloughed his glomerous dark by
plod
The vire vibrator he of heaven Now-trod ;
The grandest fugue clef can display overt,
The grandest definite form
In the grandest definite place
At the grandest definite time
Thought can concert.
Erst rock, anewed in toward heredity
With constant grain of grace patternity—
That fluctuancy in life's returnity—
Bold headlight to integrity of race
For conduct evolution to take place
Showing that poor the motive is of lust of
wealth

For man's activity—though weaned from stealth—
And how the man must rate regard for money
And the tradition of his previous kind,
Coolly—as birds do gravel not bees honey:
Unmasking fact so open it may guide
Whose face is reason not opinion pride:
Time altitude, end-stepped, forelooking, designed,
Surrounding turpitude sloughing behind
Thy wake of gleaming thought, that trackfullest
And grand highway—shunning the clackmulest
And blankest routes of race mistled to cower
And ignore rant's hybrid effacing power—
Upon the plane where buoys the light, our hour,
Trailing the Now as doth the Sand Key tower

Or doth its native deep the lotus[1] flower :—
What is't to thee what winds the waste do
scour,
O kedging carack to . . . . creation's dower !

[1] In India the infant gods are represented as nascent in the chalice of the lotus. In Egypt the sun is represented as rising out of the same.

INTUS-SUSCEPTION AND MAINTENANCE OF SUSURATION.

PLASTIC changelessness of sea,
Don to dawn of conscious me
Tangence in internity.
Come food life be!
As food one doth to life invite
Doth fact to life hold forth insight.
Form of day, the-worn sea's wear
Correlate, achieve with glare
Sponsion special colloids bear.
Come fact be me!
O crystal face of fact, give sight
As I do food with life bedight.
Tensive ether yclepped space,
Yield a vortex at the place

Life commences thee to trace.
Come food life be!
Life's first act, to prompt regain
Loss, its status to maintain,
Thence is repetition's strain.[1]
Come fact be me!
Matter, as on fire alive,
Thrives while repetitions strive.
Only fitting flames survive.
Come food life be!
Doing leaves a dewy streak,
Path the repetitions seek;
Memory's whetted channels eke.
Come fact be me!
Singled germs daff all alloy;
Correlative acts accoy;

[1] Latin, re, back or again, and peto, I seek. Knowledge is gained by laborious repetition. A waste and need of supply is the first occurrence in a living substance. Life is a continued recurrence of this.

Coinciding life is joy.
Come food life be!
Spiring thus through life complete
Sharing waste's expansive sheet
Nature's faith is. Facts her feet.
Come fact be me!
Realization dreary! Nay.[1]

[1] Why preyest thou upon the poet's heart,
Science, whose wings are dull realities. Poe, in youth.
Everything is real to me but reality. W. S. Landor, in age.
As if evidence were the test of truth. Rev. J. H. Newman.
De grace ne m'eveillez pas! De Laincel.

Literature is flabby with such frivolity forgetful that fact is the only substance of character. Hint its absurdity and apologists aver that that is just the very difficulty they have always had to contend with, which they can not cease to be aware of and which mystery they hope may some day be removed. In the visual medium this produces a deplorable aberration of the brightest star of the universe, womanhood, whose natural insight would soon adapt itself to its removal although she wonders what she should do without it.

Wake splays o'er the waste, "Aheigh!
See and be the fact-lit way."
Come fact be me!
While the hurrying, waiting, sea
Cedes receding wake of thee
Man design resultantly!
Come food life be!
As food to life we can invite
Can fact to life impart insight.

END OF THE FIGURE OF TRUE REPRESENTATION.

II.

COINCIDENTS.

It seems the sea real ocean sounder
Along the line that reaches
And bringing on a sense profounder
Than à priori retches.

COINCIDENTS.

ASSOCIATION,

THE NECESSITY OF KIND.

OUR fancy draws thy oned, Russ, form
Thy face a loan, being seen;
Surface mo' under, fully norm
To space, can ne'er careen.
As the earth hath risen from the sun,
The moon hath risen from the earth,
The substance in them is but one
And nature in them is their girth.
Their day of knowledge is thy happy Now,
No Ethiop superstition on thy brow.
Thy figure with whole truth spires up the
scene

No cunning serpent—no, nor slippery eel—
The steady fixedness of polished steel;
Spreading its wake to where may be an
eye;
The open glebe thus crowning with a sky
By sequences of fact emerged from screen.
The sunrise moonrise sees thy series worn
The endstead through since planet's natal
morn—
And long it was ere cell of me was corn.
Who asks how cell of thee came one when
two knit?
Why, how could one evolve but as a unit!
Bright present face of them then days thou
art—
Past memory's figure viewed—eye-seen.
One fair one forward to my inward mien
Thou fetchest in my heart.

MINE ELEGY FOR HERR.

Let others prayse, in verse soft easy prettie,
Ye floweres theyre polight heddes misconceive!
Give not wold I ye sigh of thy swete pittie
For all theyre brazen bravery maykes believe.

Playne nature, shyning forth of mann or womann,
Sincere love spheering deeper farr than art;
Phantasm of art impliedly superhuman
Would fain eradicate thee from the heart.

Dear mind-seen one! of mine such art be never!
Remain the flowrett fact with wake blown swete;

Cultured prenately to exhaling ever
Purity conscious nature may repeat.[1]

Be to me lovely, all, sphered ocean, nature!—
Bright wake it seizing frees it, wholly, so;
Art coinciding to pursue one feature,
Universality, sees—solely, so.

Dirge

EN ROUTE TO SEPULTURE.

Oh, mutual love ill fares, that mine
thine survive!

[1] An animal is not more natural than Man, for thought is as natural as sensation. Those who exclude conscious, and fact-developed, thought from nature are in chrysalis state. Their precepts are adapted to caterpillars. Conscious thought is broad art or not accordingly as it is or not directed by insight into fact to coincide with nature's present tread.

Dear noblest heart, apart, it ne'er can
revive.
Could'st thou but say "Here love ne'er will
be parted,"
Go would I then deftly from the desert thou
hast left me,—
Tender hearted!—
Boldly death pass alive.

Return, with Field Music,

FROM THE BURIAL.

Thy dear voice, seeming silent, and seemingly
done with me
Must its re-seeming as wailfully be?
No—no—no—noble flowret, thy seeming is
oned with me—
That we have buried is truly not thee.
For the joy benediction distils in my bosom
yet

Comes of that sea-mooréd eloquence
sweet—
Till I die never dead—of the soul rooted
blossomlet,
Bound the life parterre to fill and complete.

THE TITANS

AND TITANIA'S OF INDIVIDUALITY

AGAIN to me the reflect orb appears,
Again to me its Caryatid speaks.
THE FIGURE OF TRUE REPRESENTATION.—
" States of material forces are derived
From states preceding them and every state
Is marked by Strange and New phenomena
That are peculiar to itself. The more
Evolved and complex is the state, the more
Evolved and complex the phenomena.
This law is to the source of life the key.
O,H,C,N, thus uncombined, present [1]
One state of those material forces, and

[1] The word law is used for convenience. No law of nature is known. And the letters represent elementary forces, facts.

Manifest a simple set of phenomena.
From OHC, united, alcohol
Results; another state, more complex, which
Presents a more complex phenomena.
And carbonate of amonia is of four
Combined, OHCN, which forms a state
More complex yet, and with phenomena
Manifesting greater still complexity.
And protoplasm with elements the same
As carbonate of amonia but united
In higher multiples under conditions
Unknown as yet but not unknowable
Is but another state more complicate
Than any of the others, manifesting
The phenomena of life—which are to life
No more peculiar than are alcohol's
To alcohol."

Matter in this arrangement
Susceptible to surrounding influences
Mid which it rises and expends itself,

Upon its endstead-issuing cycle goes.
Observe the viscid glair unorganized,
With air, the earth and sea pervading now.
See it disport an improvised arm,
Extend, attain, partake, withdraw, subside,
Assume, digest; increase and multiply;
Flow out of scalding sun to shade, if near.
A seeming mind it has which measureless
time
And change cause it to plant in babes,
When both will will, yet no intelligence
Exist in the protistic or the child.
Then age of ages, after words, will doubts
And fears uncalled for crash in by the ears
And blast the aspiration nature rears
Till as a speck of soiled aspect the known is
jeered[1]

[1] The province of modern knowledge is fact and logic of facts. The province of the old teaching is the unknowable, the unsearchable, the inconceivable, the immaterial, the unseen, the non existent. It inculcates

Or in the blank unseen has disappeared
By pure and simple metaphysics fleered.

ignorance under the names of metaphysics and mystery. Upon which it erects superstition, the most baleful of vices when built into character because violently opposed to nature and perverting heredity, the fountain of the race.

THE DEMIGODS

OF INCARNATE HEAVEN-HIGH LOGOMACHY.

WERE Plato a literary vaporer
In play to a Socrates' chat,[1]

[1] Socrates was a man of pure and open character and conduct and if timely circumstances could be noted probably not even an unjust sarcasm would appear to come from him. In investigating character as affected by opinion he showed a "wonderful vivacity of apprehension" coloquially and sagacity to pursue investigation according to the natural method —as did Columbus and Galileo. Method that Bacon essayed to explain, whose failure being considered by Des Cartes sixty years later, he also tried and equally failed, but which method has sequently made itself known to plodders in science and is the greatest eventuation of history. Socrates reached the psalmist limit of life just when and where the world's present literary models were made and left no written word, being killed by authority of the city highest of culture ever known, for non-conformance

Aristotle a wonderful caterer
And Bacon self hoaxed in Hog's Lat. ;

in the view of religion there popular. Two of his admiring pupils, Plato and Zenophon are voluminous authors both of whom give an account of him—in which this difference occurs, that while the latter named one, who was distinguished as being an "attic bee," no less in works than words, leaves the impression that S. could find nothing to base a philosophy on [in the non-existence of knowledge of nature, which he unsagaciously deemed the way of the gods forbidden by them to be known], the other who was a literary devotee with a Miltonlike faculty of constructing descriptive phrases, implicitly ascribes to him an exhaustive system of philosophy, including natural science—thin as the whitewash of a political adversary or the logic of Paradise Lost. S. may have endeavoured with directness really abrupt to recall the Greek mind from the divergence it was proceeding in, that of statuesquely reverencing the gods, back to the ideas out of which the gods originated, and may have excited by evinced contempt for the images which he could not deny, the antipathy now felt for disrespect to the various translations of the Scripture, where it is held to be "the word of God." It was for questioning the Trinity that Calvin burnt the pious Servetus; for doubting the hierarchy that

Did Spinoza outbroaden the air,
Kant beg his great question a mite,

the great and good Bruno was burnt by the Pope ;—2000 years since the murder of Socrates.—To that recall Plato works by indirectness or "larger method," his principal departure from S. being adopted from a poetical whim of Epicharmus. In this he divides nature into two nonexistent parts and with the same literary execution causes one part to make the other. Both of these extraordinary reputations saw the obstacle to Greek progress in monstrous respect entertained for traditional conjecture but they knew not how to straighten out an unnatural demon any more than to demonstrate nature. The stability of their greatness is not always ascribed to its proper cause which is the fact of having established to the satisfaction of the intellectual world that in their period science, philosophy, religion, were without authority and thus leaving the field of opinion to views and the prophets and eutopists of the unknowable. Aristotle with the aid of Alexander the conqueror and scores of savans soon subsequently to them made a futile attempt to establish authority by amassing the science, such as it was, that the world contained, and for a thousand years the western world regarded him as authority [till Gemisthus Pletho] for the very reverse of what his writings pre-

Monsieur Compte top over his chère,[1]
Fichte fly up a tail upwards kite,
Hegel quail in the querl he can't troll;
Why science, which plods about, trite
Into all, hopes to see to the goal
When bred wake conforms, key to this whole
And ne'er turns an inscrutable screw
To let on the unknowable through
That old torrent of hullabulloo.

dicated. Three centuries after him and still fourteen and a half before the discovery of printing, Virgil, the abased sycophant of a usurper with a remarkably engaging literary style and the power of his Ceasar to reinforce it made hell patent to the multitudinous ignorance and superstition inhabiting the Roman Empire. Then a plan of salvation from it arose in that empire and gradually became established there. It arose naturally and not supernaturally. And it well nigh made a political conquest of us but was finally dissipated by the discovery of the art of printing and consequent dissemination of intelligence.

[1] Alnaschar on entering positively into the chair of the unknowable, kicked the basket of reality.

EXISTENCE.[1]

AN UNCLOSED O.

OR, plodding, could bent thought peruse
these oughts
That issuing pour from thy world-morning
face,

[1] The "Cosmical Philosophy" predicates that "absolute existence has mind and matter for its phenominal manifestations"—which is the central bull'seye of realism, *i.e.*, what the world calls naked sophistry, seeing that what exists is concrete by the fact of existing. There is but one mystery although it applies to everything: how can anything be. All others are repetitions of it for its solution meets all possibilities. The actual play of forces remains as yet unimaginable. Existence or nature is a flow of fact and the effort to see a beginning or end to it is like trying to see something which by the hypothesis is nothing at the same time. Bushels of brains are addled with the empty words "absolute existence."

And make the air; up from thy entrailed
base
And end of depth ascending as through
ghauts;—
And conscious organs so cleave down cohorts
Of aggregates joint-serried, as to place
Exorbit-ant—beyond all start or trace . . . . .
Turning the tied and motor to resorts
In coves of lumber, till auroras dance,
Till loadstones in the magnet find their dip,
Till loam's frayed structural silt assoil the
ground,
Till the delayed quick sprunt the soil outstrip,
Whose mites in locometary acts advance
And then Mammalia's mighty race abound!

THOUGHT.

JOINT dissevered then were thought;
Memory-blank experience withering;
Nature faulty; all distraught;
Fitness never doing aught
As to Want delivering.

—Organ-wist environs meet
Want on archery flicking arrows,
Vireton-vechy thought's petite
Beauty Truth and Right discrete
Stream art's mental narrows.

Clewed in grace includes discourse,
Heart and head no cleft sides sever,
Broad high joy the summit source

Detent Want the sample force,
Thought untrammeled never.

Not à priori can be thought,[1]
Bind of couch on chaos shivering,
Manhood-wearing never wrought,
Institu-tuition thwart,
Want quit-claim delivering.

[1] Subtle as may be the imagination in its spontaneous fellowship with instinct it has never extorted through that fellowship the secret of creating. Man consequently possesses no creative faculty, any more than a floating chip. The most ingenious and most worthy outlay of human ability and the nearest to creating is in making Man out of self and at the same time seeing that this fact-facine-ating art only makes void interference with nature. Nature creates the ship, man constructs it. The imagination is a kaleidoscope—what comes out comes of what is put in. It is an interior capacity which the more it is distended without facts or in opposition to fact the more absurd we are likely to be.

THE ETHERSPHERE.

UP, plodding up my tubéd tower,
To bed light in light's to be bower
Where on my Christal-helmed deck
My fact reflectors their oned fleck
Self image true project,—I'm dazed.
This whelm of white far round me raised
Ensphered all ways out from my feet—
Straight out lays—o'er the sun to meet.
No land opaque appears; no spot;
It gaps my sphere of thought, the ought.

Hy! ties what here tight to the eye
Nor moveth e'en to float here by;
Nor mote nor more elides not near—
It mote remotely merely veer.
True! In my sphere's blank solitude
A snowy atom doth intrude!

Though far, so bright, it, as if taut
Draws consciousness to verge of thought
On the wake from the beak of the Now where
the time
Seeks Man in the horizon's chimb.

Song.

THE BEAK OF NOW.

Earth's broadest area bare—
Aye rear views opening! Awed
The world to face so broad
From Me resultant there!

Where leans the hath-been time
So to my passed o'er field
All's endstead gleams revealed
Through tiers of fanned seas rime.

How clear the voices speak
Of forming ages—and

The hearts! and Man's command
Downs à priori freak:

"The land lay trace that way;
The route restored re-mark
With memory's laid in spark—
Where sight touched fadeless day:

Thy trite but pensive page
Intern the open-thee word,
Dropping like weightless bird
Dear lips call in its cage."

How now, 'tis gone! Conceit no more.
No! Know, I see it as before—
And luffingly I would it hale
For 'tis a beam out-reaching sail.

Futile! to say aheigh, good day,
Obliquing so she stands away.

—But see! she's sinking in the sky—
And scream I will: Good Bye! Good Bye!
—They hear me not though me they feel:
Heart feeling hearts, like hearts of steel
In telephones, tell of ones they're 'tween.
Thus I know they know they've been seen.
'Twas shown. 'Tis gone.—She was a sail;
And distance weaves her parting veil;
While fondly the imagination
Planes o'er the manifull contemplation.

Song.

BE NOT SAD.[1]

No-no-no, be not sad, gentle Life, be thou wake!
The high surface explore freely, free from mistake.
Know by keeping on wake to retain a repose

[1] Yet be not sad. Par. Lost B. v.

That in joy falls as dewfalls are fall to the
rose.

Be not sad that we die! Such is nature's live
way
Fact in brood of enjoyment to free from
decay.
How can faculty sad be when insight revere
Standing time lifting facts up in nature's
bright sphere![1]

Fie! Reality sad!—The one object that is
A disturbed, immaterial, moonface abyss!
Clarify it! Let animal Netherness cease!

[1] Time is not antecedent to thought but appears in its arrangement. When there is no thought or no arrangement of thought there is no time. It is part of the gear of thought, not an entity in itself. It spreads it. Unspread thought is almost without time.

To the wake holding helm Day and Night
are of piece !

The whole whirls on. The ought turns blue.
The salt air bleakens. Closer to
Me dark in-draws its closing cell.
The horizon shuts in like a well.
A well where fact not mystery
Ennobles tame casuistry.
Obfuscate dark lapped round about
Thee, inly bright now, Now, shine out !
That splendor which the day hath been
Displaced for ours, come moil tern in.
An' clouds lock out mine ocular van
Nocturnal light is fact in Man.

His knowledge stretching in sequents
Of atomsphered experience [1]

1 Factual experience is all and the only authority consciousness has to lean on whatever cant may say

Stirlessly forms the outer pall
Beyond which mind sees not atall
And fancies only butt the wall.
For memory joints entirely mind ;
Without it as a stone we're blind ;
We could not have a single thought
Experiences could not be caught.
Behind it having ne'er been in
Wake dips no lore how things begin
Ne'er up on time to go before
How they can end deplores no more ;
Soundings aboard of sounding things
Score noted chords "no bottom" ings.
That's all. What mystery it is

about leaning your weight on it; and all the assurance that can come of it depends on distinguishing by verified insight and observation what is experience of fact from what is not, whatever care and labour that may require. This is the turnstile to the universe, the pivot of character, the way of the race out of the shilly shally of sham. That I exist is instantly verifiable by the most perfect proof that is conceivable.

Is merely fact too far for: viz.
Known naturals are simplicities,
And faith in what is fitly brings
My cult to start no wonderlings.
The way of evolute to me
May involute to nature be.
But in vocation I may trace
How art is fairly nature's face—
Which some day may o'ersky the race.

In Vocation.

Broad art that art mind reamingness
  So fact to it may fit,
Augmental not of dream process
  But mental auger's bit,
Extending inner horizon's go,
  Turn turn the haloing
Of wake embracing waste till ho!
  Reason returning bring.

And, art, above night's stooped pall
  O'erhooding waves of sod
Re-spire, outside, the endstead, tall,
  By consentaneous plod.
All, oned with thought, adjusted, force
  Through wake-elated sky
" Man's worth depends on shaping course
  Of race to Manhood's eye."

To bear this vision onward twist
  Unceasingly and trim
The core of course outspreading glist,
  The coinciding whim.
So shall thought's halo, towerd, achieve
  Earth's crest—the vire impart[1]

[1] Internal light, gladness, joy, life, are synonymous as words and identical as facts, although Sophocles may have uttered a truism in fancying it better not to have been born than to live beyond the common lot with unlimited desires. The accomplished daughter of

Insight outside—aspire retrieve
  The blank horizoned heart.

Thus memory loose sent in his sleep,
As in vocation wide of zones
Wanders the highest lowest deep
On winds and waves. Their raw full tones
Tear clamberously along his bones.
He feels his submerged pinnacle

General Braddock taking her own life left this apology:

> O death thou pleasing end of human woe
> Thou cure of life thou greatest good below
> Still may'st thou fly the coward and the slave
> And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave:

which is animal rebellion against natural discipline. Strength-giving hope looks to the advancement and cure of race through and within and by one's self; a clear and definite fixed and feasible, cynosure and principle of control to insight; a natural, rational, factual, faith, looking through death beyond the grave; a resultant, an initiating and compelling force in mankind.

Is moving. Then its binnacle,
The tubéd tower shawn to straws,
Assays to clutch. A long breath draws
From all, all driving without pause,
To make a self asserting hail
And wakes whisk reaching shouting frail
"The elated ever latent gale!"

Here palls flam art to joy of earth—
But nature riots as in mirth.
The earthquake shakes with loose delight,
The waters leap with all their might;
What chuckling tags the flashes past!
What laughter strains the stormy blast!
And drifts some Cowper ill at ease [1]
In old assumed vacuities
Exhaling envious cry to fish
A startled fling by flops a—pish!

[1] Vide his Castaway.

ORIGINIZATION.

THY so il———
They—powers thy remainder—dip thee main:
By sea anewed, they tip thee back again.
Not so illy pipped with cur-said write wash
paw ill—
No notice read perturbs a cheek by jaw ill.
No no 'tis not so illy;—growth, illy splayed—
Indeed, in deed that 's written down, thou
feign'st it
Facetiously surveyed
And blank maintain'st it
Re-reproduced—for in thy soil no seem
Can hackle thy ariditary stream—
Bladeless and raidless as a chin of maid;
Chin that derides for ever urchin toil.

Bar barratry did tiller cast against it
But no ground brake—nor steer. No action
laid.
For law ruled never yet thy blank estrade,
Albeit there Historic Method staid.
Whose weal epitome now being Man
Makes leal Man conduct its resultant plan,
The evolution of which plan doth press
The race to step forth now in consciousness ;
And did our wit no whit our witness scorn
Thy telic conduct would in Me be born.
Herein thy lesson doth the earth caress
Sweeter than ripened cornfields do express ;
For evolution, conscious fetched on sight,
Like soap made come, exacts in will The
Right.
Shall consciousness design evolving soap
And in evolving conduct blink all scope !
Ah thus necessity that knows no law
Yawls that with stern inexorable awe

We draw from the endstead power and endurance
By inner sight's communion and assurance
Till the reserve and essence of control
Can bear the solid issue of the whole ! [1]
Never the best made over to the worst—
The best made right to be to others first.
The young the impotent them guide, them rule.
Religion be it. Not crime's solace school,
That yellow birdie of the April fool
Meant but to elevate the eyes in church
And leave immoral conduct in the lurch,
But fact in nature joined, all's mighty tool ;
Fraternal concert—all the powers that be,
The facts that move the universe we see,
Abjuring falsehood—worthy of acclaim

[1] The time has not come for in-seeing substitute to take the place of heart-felt worship. Apologist. Will it come in another 200,000 years of man's existence ?

Though learned animal dwell in the name—
And manhood plodding onward plane above
All ward, remoting high on central love;
While conduct issuing crystal from self role
Needs but the sanction that the race be whole.
But wrong you that, you are infliction-trod.
It is the only sin. Nought else hurts God.
—Whose jail and jailor gone, the peas still
pod,
And nature spires her vire in a resultant rod.

Sea's'inlet pools can not be long
Upon th'ought aerated ground,
Nor crook of strait nor creek of sound
Where mosquito young may skit around
And funny fungi throng,
Chimers of do re mi,
Plain, unchimerically.
Nor vir-isle destitution vie
In: If not dying gory-ously

Not gloriously to die,
Mid the thunder tumbling free
Down nature's lown meek key!
Wherein, dependence pendeth not
On time or lot
Or rhyme or aught
Of parlous queachy thought;
But on the verve of Me
That string of sympathy
Veined through wide being's being chain,
Vibrant universally
Down to the endstead reel
Whereto thy fealty feel,
Visiting the bottom of the monstrous world[1]
And universal sea;
Thence by that dasher round the sunswift thirled
Winding the chord outswells the ship song,
Through sea key's pean-eloigning plain—

[1] Lycidas.

All-dr*ow*ned re*coi*l of dipped thong ;

Ever nascent

Pile of strand,

Evanescent

Rope of sand,

Efflorescent

Fluffy fanned,

Non excrescent—

Little—grand—

All so fain

To remain

The single rush of waters many,

Aye quiescent,

Whilst the strain

Of pushing to the coming fray

Becomingly

Makes the seas sing all the way

Unceasingly—

Major key, minor key, key of C,

Meeting the mi toning pedigree,

Natally turn to eternity
In one accordant chime
Of their reiterate rhyme :

"So gravitation
To transformation,
So correlation
To conservation."

And as flying trains a flamingo
Its sparkle strow and———
To an unseen white squall or other spout
The bellowing wavehead sends a domey
shout.
A waterquake and airquake grapple in bout.
Aroundly, downly, they denounce suspicion.
Billions of notes commingle against doubt
Averring clamorously without intermission :
He-r-r-r-r-r-r-edity is fis-s-s-s-sion !
And the spar clings on a nailhead "pt" the
mission :

"I'm the atom dial log
My heredity is fission
Of the previous disposition
Kin connected I'm a cog
And proceed without division
For I integrate the log
Working under the direction
Of your natural selection.
I'm the oak within the acorn
All that's fiber of the tree
Every quercus of its make on
Can but propagated be
For of record 'tis in me.
I can ne'er in moral fog
Differentiate my dial
But in spite of all defial
I will integrate the log.
Real torsion of the mind
My distortion leaves behind.
When the molecule a log

Is, continuance of me,
Pt ! eternalizing cog
Is the kernel repeater."

———scream solo
Some thin split through soon o'er us
Thin things t' are round you thrilling throw
Void sea mew so
Lo, th' air before us,
Where night steals on the swaley hilly way
And, making light around us bright as day,
In glory white as mist upon a snow
Veils all up to the zenith with its glow.

DIN

COMMINGLED IN.

VAST revery's recoil! atoll, tall maze of seams,
Thy snarls of thought furore are gang lions of themes—
Thy simple glades and Æa undissipating dreams.
The drag on haunts the break or guards thy golden fleece
Or shrines in fearless fear the lame Philoctites,
Whose broad uppealings fill that bi-mouth cave the ear.
Hoarse mutterings of fate dash o'er thy transient moods

Prometheus bound defies thy cycled solitudes.
The horrors of the wrong that man to manhood does
Interned within thy mole, cry on the heedless air;
For hear—as thou dids't, here—Medea's charriot buzz
Cutting the conch of sky! the towers of Troy fall, there!
And steadfast Socrates' fact seeking open mind
Thy shadeless calm reflects—fleers in thy barefoot wind.
Athene's seat all sapient save in science trow,
Is sapped! Taprooted fact, then thou wert nude as now.
And since the immortals dropped to waste diatribes of Cleon

Thy sigh, Key, not in vain pounced through
Ponce de Leon[1]
And thou hads't then A THEN AS NOW anow
to be on.

As now thy face that mornlike day
When Grecian glory threw
Over the Mediteranean sea
Its intellectual hue
And Rome and Syria, Egypt, Thrace,
Reflected of its grace.

Then superstition cloaked the end
Of tutelage's aim.
Huge dreadfulness did it commend
Though only once by name.
And sculptor painter rhetorician
Interned dread superstition.

[1] Who was seeking for the Fountain of Youth—his mind being a waste of seems.

A thorough Man urged that mankind[1]
Subdue bred superstition—
He urged it desperately. Purblind,
They do subtend no vision
That he would clean in them suppress
Fantastic godliness.

What meaned he? they quest—he dead.
—Doom to Greek means per force;

[1] The great Hebrew philosopher Philo whose genius combined the eastern and western philosophies was cotemporary with all the incidents of this advent. The protagonist suffering death for his teaching it is not known with entire certainty what that was. If he taught that the Judaistic Christ foretold by the prophets must be a resultant of the national character, like the crop from seed and exposed the rupture of superstition with nature and its viciousness—"I and my father are one"—"Ye are of your father the devil"—being plausible words ascribed to him—he must be worthy the name and eternal love of Man as an Exemplar in that respect and others and the nations that honour him for it are worthy the name of Christian.

Man godliness he purely sped
  Not graven, Greek, recourse.—
Down with Greek means then—his position
  Is God of Superstition!

Wake daffed from that fair firmament
  Of intellect, profound
East darkness like a top garment
  Wraps western nations round.—
Drear superstition wild and scuddy
  Breed drabbles this upper bloody!

Greek wake the endstead missed. It missed
    the place
Where growth the Deep's ascentrix may
    embrace—
That gist magistral of the build of things
Whereby the moral evolution clings.
Fiercely when toppling cone so lacking
    braze

The inconsistent views upheld may craze.
But thou taught science, so she throats, the
rote,
"Zoophytes matured quit stems and look
remote."
As then the fantom mask was working way
To gulf in trade tradition more of day
Be its tale rung now in light fantasia key
And name it—name—no furtive burglary—
Ears prone to vol au vont have heard
Aquereus, kin of men, angel and bird.

AN ALLY GORY.

1. Did fallen dark angel inly bode the swine
Down to the sea by steeper step than
thine?

2. Down one neap time he met his fête by
thee

Where maid and mother stood, bleak to
the knee.

3. Bright, joyous, innocence greeted the god
Divining ransom by his smile and nod.

4. But he nor felt nor feigned their thought
to see
Nor thought but of his immortality.

5. As they were polyp he their sylphics took
To dislocate and prove their glyphic look.

6. He murdered both of them—murder most
wrong—
Both Porite and her Madre—for a song!

7. Meanwhile, comme ça, a gush of diner
might
Like flummery ambushed himself from
sight.

8. Whoopooed, sharp set too for rehash, his gust
Assays his embryology in crust.

9. His fête let all regret consoledly;
That Daulian song of joy—Itys—eternedly.

Song.

THE NEO OLYMPUS.

A subliming love loveless is made,
Being false unto light unto life,
Manhood dies nature flies, to a phantasm betrayed
While the heart's maggot breeding be rife.

Pitchy dark O more pitchy than night
Lurks perdu in the thought dazing blaze
For misleading one's self to believe in thin sight
All diffused in phantasm of phrase.

As the mountain top over the cloud
  In the clear of all weather self-held
Is the man lifted up who sees over the crowd
  Herded in the conjecture of eld.

ODOR NOT SANCTITY.

Those gods of Greece revisit everywhere
Where Man-craft fain would stand upon the
    square;
But not one fane of theirs exalts the air.

Great Thebes's plain old god uprears
As yet. Uplain are all his seers
And worshippers. No where appears

That madcapt herd that formerly
Captured asstonishment to see.
—No thing by change is waste of thee.

The universe con nurture net
Nem con, thou art of part. Here set
Its Memnon fugue remurmureth yet.

O heave and pour—endeavor more
Flow up, on thy tumultuous floor,
Time filling, tower-thrilling roar,

Informing insight fact must be
The fiber of Manhood, and Me
Fact stamina, fact sincerity!

For so with nature's elements
Must Man be in coincidence
Or still be nothing but incense.

END OF COINCIDENTS.

III.

EPITOME.

HAVE therefore in thine heart and in thy mouth
The sound of song that mingles north and south,
The song of all the winds that sing of me
And in thy soul the sense of all the sea.

Swinburne.

EPITOME.

AH, doughness of the waste, thy caique no
bigger
Of rate more sham
Than continental cent—waiving the tree—
Foist by A DAM ;
Thy fawner, parasite of flea and chico
Drave to a head ;
Thy flowry floor asome zoöphity
Their level bed ;
Thy look out, tongued and lapped by wind
and sea ;
Thy gainly figure ;
Thy gainless guardian, unknown, undis-
mayed ;—

Not atall gainsaid,
Thy empty entity is meant to be
A pit o' Me
Or deep intern of linked integrity ;
An open-thee
Or entry key into returnity,
Determinately,
To bearing true of lost humanity—
Man amity !
Full many the eyes thy eyelit hope inlaid
Thou openest right,
The hearts and homes that have thy havior
trite
The haven displayed !
What shocks venteric dost prevent we see—
Airsaults deride !
By all the power in all pervading, swayed,
Let mountain slide
Of awe thy shores Orphean blast always—
Grea't'error glide !

Those coral shoars whence soaral concert
brays
O'er ocean wide,
Set through and through by endstead fact
belays
Her stony hide,
Produce this toned organic arm with The
Earth's Center sent—
The entailed core and node o' sea,
Turning siderial time
In semipternal odyssey
Of equatorial clime.
Wake its sail luting chime,
Earth's heart-uplifting Tenoreef—
Transcendant bas relief:

Sea Sings In the Tower:

"Now fact-spired sequent can but be
The figure of all destiny,

A re-solution by Man will
Wrest share in evolution still.

Fortrue, the orb not nature wanes ;
It darkened, all nature remains—
Its sweetest self of thy pure ruth
Full, if its potence be its truth."

Around about it, down below bench sound
Of hours unwound,
Below where deltoid muscles brew cement
Of stone content,
And smouldering shadowy far-hied founderous flow
Of green light glow
Scatters and spreads the thinnest vapid show
Of spleen moon so
That no reflection back can ever rise
To outward eyes,

Let shouldering bruit whale prey and glower
his cup
Then sup—then sup.
—Thence up along a water sat in fall
Of sheening wall,
Traced by the ooze of feeling's prime inepth
Of nature's depth,
In slow remounting notes' all-clambering
rise—
All's shaken voice—
Let roomy tiers of scaly schools wail all
That roils their gall,
And, gamey tutilage surviving, grow
To really know,
And vire the endstead spheréd with the sun
In unison !
Mured arm, through long long leniency
lent,
Thy slender hand
Here in font palm of solidairé sand,

Wide open doth splay
Its true and its patternal pyre potent
That night and day
Where springs the awning arch leaps to the
fray
In pity bent—
Pity aspire should fail in the ever pent—
To raise o'er strife
Me to unbroken continuity
Of fact swayed life.
Such simplest grace of conduct, aye
Gem laid more wide
Upon the yawning waste than verified
To weanling tried,
Acclaims who keep the course of destiny
Or steer in pride
Out of vext race aruin, to nature's way,
Insight outside:
Where broadest art, the highest life concrete,
The skies will greet;

The sky of real, lifted, truth and love,
And sky above;
The sky made up of honest acts of race
And that of space;
The sky where all is fantomlike and balk,
Where none do walk,
And sky which needs not empty words for
wings—
Where Men are things—
Transparent atoms of a sky, to be
Society—
Brooding upon that aimless waste of sea
Humanity.

In Conclusion.

Fact of this unclosed O
On a drop of globing throe,
Besteads it thee to know
Or magnify the trow

If space be thus and so
Wherein those wings of snow
Spread, standing to and fro?
Thou, who wast waste of ways
Ere race wake raised thy rays
In art by nature's blaze
To where their forms bestride
Thy joint of sky and tide,
Austere to subdue—hied
By Arethusan glee—
Mirages that there be
Of monstrous tendency?
If, sub-aspiring aye,
Thy vertex does the day
Grapple resultantly
And on the level wide
Unveil and so abide—
All nature art-allied
With Man triumphantly—
To show The Grand High Way!

—Transpose to dominant key
By governing note that Me
Is ever lastantly.

ENVOY.

Sung by chorus in front. The Sun and Stars leading a string of facts that reaches to the endstead; Sand Key, Thin King Key Virgulate, Me, Solo Man; Lotus-flower, Labor, Vitality, Joy; a Christian religion raising up God, a Manhood sky, clear as the resultant of Logic of Facts.

Pagéd man's managed ray
Dark of Man wake to Day;
Nature, buoyant, amain hold it forth for the Phare—
Meekly too while the forms
Of beligerent storms
Coincide in maintaining 'ts hand key on end bare!

X

Ay, if in warder, by
Nurtured wilfulness, ply
Thought fantastic re-scueing our masterly
mold,
Through the sterile old Past
Of that fossed-erring blast
The spine wick still awaits the manwake to
unfold!

FINALE.

Sung by chorus of masks—conceited looking creatures—all bearing toy baloons representing soap bubbles and fantastic ideas unsupported by facts and swinging censers to them; Puffball, Moonface, Gallgawd, Headless Poulet, Dispensation to wife murderer leading April yellow bird; the Unknowable, a christian irreligion praising up god; Steamer running for the Devil's Bridge, Cobwork giving way under railroad filling, Getteaux, Samson, Goliah; Sunset gloom over Johnstown and Armagh.

Now show just where the endstead lies—
And how from it can surety rise.

Will all our ends adjoin right there
And fixt remain? or fly elsewhere?
Inform us so we may compare.

The endstead is the settled point
Wherein the world to all is joint.
No point persists elsewhere but flies;
And reaching downward far off skies
Get surety by their endstead ties.

Let's all out of the endstead rise
And navigate serene with guys!
Hold on! How so? What do? How act?
Why all from now adhere to fact—
Let's all from now adhere to fact!

TRANSFORMATION.

CURTAIN.

CHISWICK PRESS :—C. WHITTINGHAM AND CO.,
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.